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# GOBBLE



**NOVEMBER 1946 - VOL. I**  
**TWENTYFIVE CENTS**





## Everybody knows him...

*Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor—he's on an emergency call!*

• A Doctor's life isn't his own to live as he chooses. There are interrupted holidays and vacations and nights of broken sleep. Emergencies require his presence for long, exacting hours... with somewhere a pause and perhaps the pleasure of a cigarette. Then back to his job of serving the lives of others.

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# CAMELS

*Costlier  
Tobaccos*

Table of Contents

Helmets and Handlebars .....	page 3
Edwin L. Leet	
Donald and the Indians.....	6
David V. Randall	
Lehigh and the War Years.....	7
P. D. Wellenkamp	
Schaefer's Dawg .....	10
Al Rubenstein	
Armageddon at the Farmhouse.....	13
G. W. Driver, Jr.	
Catalysts of Education.....	14
Dr. Martin D. Whitaker	
Marjorie-Jo Goes to College.....	15
Howard A. Kucher	
The Return of Jazz.....	16
John H. Treichler	
Manhattan .....	18
Robert L. Walden	
A Return of Sorts .....	24

That beautiful blond on the cover is Miss Betty Jones, Kappa Alpha's winning entry in THE GOBLET GIRL contest. Miss Jones is the houseparty date of Mr. Rudy Vincenti. She hails from Atlantic City and represented that city in the Miss America contest this year. Photograph by Thornton, New York.



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This being the first issue of THE GOBLET, it is only fitting that we state the general purpose of our magazine. THE GOBLET is strictly a magazine for you, the Lehigh student. This issue, and tentative plans for future issues, have all been designed with one thought in mind. We want to provide enough entertainment and worthwhile material so that each one of you will feel that you are getting your money's worth.

Each issue will be planned to provide timely features, articles, pictures, jokes, cartoons, and everything else that will be of interest to you. If THE GOBLET is going to be a magazine worthy of Lehigh University, it has to be good every time. However, we need your help to achieve this aim. Already we are working on some excellent ideas for our next issue. There will be a big article on Billy Sheridan and the wrestling team, a generous assortment of good short stories, a picture story of the football team, and a great deal more.

However, nothing is final. We are awaiting your reaction to this first issue. There are bound to be faults—but, we should not make these same mistakes again. If you do not like some particular section, trend, feature, or make-up that appears in this issue, or if you think we are overlooking some good possibilities, please let us know. If it is at all possible, the situation will be remedied. Just drop a note to THE GOBLET in Drown Hall and we will take action. Our job is to please you—and nobody else.

Another item that we wish to emphasize is student participation. In a magazine of this type, in order to keep our fundamental character intact, practically all our material must originate with the student. It must be a magazine not only for the Lehigh undergraduate, but by him and of him. If you have any creative talent, and do not feel free to join the staff for various reasons, please submit your work to us anyway. If it is of good calibre, we will use it. THE GOBLET should be written, not only by its staff, but by its "contributors."

As a suggestion, save this and subsequent issues of THE GOBLET. In this way you will acquire an invaluable remembrance of your college days.

We know that you will have a wonderful time at this first big post-war houseparty. It is unfortunate that every fellow's date could not be chosen "The Goblet Girl"—better luck next time. Congratulations to the winner, Miss Betty Jones, her lucky date, Rudy Vincenti, and Kappa Alpha Fraternity. Also, thanks are in order for the boys on the football team, Don Brownlee, Bill Heck, Jim Case, Bill Dittmar, Howard Hattal, and George LaSasso for choosing "The Goblet Girl" and the other winners. We think they did a good job, don't you?

Our next issue will be bigger and better. We will be looking for you.

Out of the Goblet

The Editor



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BETWEEN ALLENTOWN-BETHLEHEM ON ROUTE 22

*Jack Douglas, Manager*



During the last decade or two, Lehigh men have had to console themselves with the great teams in Lehigh's football history rather than with the present teams. That history is composed of many interesting stories, happenings, traditions, riots and freaks of football dating back to 1884. Whenever Brown and White alumni gather, some of the following stories are bound to be told and retold.

Before 1883 Lehigh's track and field events were held in Rittersville; the spectators and athletes had a four mile trip to the field. However, in 1884 Central Park took over the ground, and the Lehigh football field was moved to near Fourth Street, almost directly behind the present-day Windish Hall. It was on this field that Lehigh played its first football game in 1884.

Richard Harding Davis, one of our few non-engineering claims to fame, described the field as being without any grass and covered with old tin cans and rocks. Frequently the game was stopped while the players removed an extra large rock discovered in the mud. The University of Pennsylvania's team, with whom we played

## Helmets and Handlebars

By EDWIN L. LEET

*Kemo, Kimo, der ein mal,  
Mehe, Maha  
Ma Rump Stump  
Pumpnickle Soup  
Pack Tiddle de wink Come a nip  
Cap Sing a Song of Polly  
Won't you, Kimo!  
Lehigh! Lehigh! Lehigh!*

(Lehigh's Long Yell of about 1900)

our first game, afterwards stated that Lehigh played on the roughest field in the country. It was on this field that Richard Harding Davis scored Lehigh's first touchdown. Significantly, his first score was against our natural rivals from Easton.

In those days football was a minor war, in which the players battered each other with everything except

the doors of Packer Hall, and Lehigh did nothing to tame the game down when they invented the famous flying wedge or a V formation. This formation consisted of the entire offensive team locking their arms around each other and forming a tight V formation with the ball carrier safely inside the V. This type of play was later ruled out of the game.

Added to the general roughness of the players and the game was the unsporting conduct of the spectators—and sometimes the local police. The spectators had the cute habit of kicking the visiting footballers as they rolled near the ropes trying to follow the ball.

In 1886 Lehigh and Lafayette battled to a scoreless tie. This early





game showed the great rivalry that was to come. The Lehigh team refused to continue the game after the first half unless the referee, a Lafayette man, was changed. He was—another Lafayette man took his place. The Engineers that year beat Penn 28-0 and showed that in a few years Lehigh was to have a record team.

In 1887 Lehigh introduced football to Cornell with a 28-10 victory. During the next year they took Bucknell 78-0. Even better things were to come in 1889, when the first really great Big Brown team took the field.

They scored 358 points to their opponents' 58, were the champions of Pennsylvania, and were rated the fifth best team in the nation. The squad was composed of iron men and **after defeating Penn State 106-0** they played Navy, Johns Hopkins and Virginia on successive days, for three victories. Of the season of '89 two games stand out, one because it was abbreviated and because of the opponent's cheerleader, the other because it was not played.

The Wesleyan game ended in a tie, 11-11, although seventeen minutes remained to be played. The referees called the game because of a light

rain and approaching darkness. The calling of the game was protested by Wesleyan's unofficial cheerleader, a little assistant history professor who was dressed in a rubber coat and boots and used his umbrella as a baton to lead the cheers. He seemed to have the gift of arousing the Wesleyan fans to great heights of enthusiasm by his leadership. The cheerleader's name? Woodie Wilson. You may have heard of him.

On October 26, 1889, Cornell and Lehigh were scheduled to play, and all the details of the game, including the choice of officials, had either been arranged by mail or in a meeting the day before. It promised to be an excellent game as both teams were having good years, and each needed the win badly. As the teams entered the field, the managers and captains huddled in the middle of the field, where the Cornell captain stated that he had changed his mind; the scheduled officials were no longer satisfactory. He proposed that the Lafayette manager, who just happened to be present, referee the game. After a great deal of argument the Cornell captain issued an ultimatum: the new referee or no game. Lehigh's

captain, Warriner (who later became a trustee of Lehigh), shouted, that with those conditions, there would be no game. So the spectators got their money back, and everyone went home. Football was different in those days.

The athletic field was moved in 1890 for the third and last time to the present site. Naturally there were no stands as we now know them, but the field was a big improvement over the Fourth Street gridiron; some grass and no tin cans. Since Taylor Gymnasium was not in existence, the players had to dress in the Old Gym, Coppee Hall, then the scene of all social events and now the home of the Arts and Science College. The run from the Old Gym to the field could serve as a warming-up period, but the walk back after a game probably did nothing to help the players. The new field did not seem to help the players win games as the next few years saw another low in the Lehigh football cycle.

The press and the students were no different in those days than they are now, as witnessed by the following "joke-ad" in the 1893 Epitome:

**"FOR SALE**—a number of second hand suits—nearly as good as new, never been soiled, and only worn once or twice for effect. A rare chance for Sing Sing and other prison authorities to replenish their stock with garments having the regulation stripes, and which at the same time are far superior to the straight jacket, since each is guaranteed to subdue the spirit of the most hardened prisoner and make him perfectly harmless and non-resisting. Apply to **CAPT. OF THE LEHIGH FOOTBALL CLUB."**

During this period some high scores were run up over some good ball clubs: 1890, Lehigh 66, Lafayette 6; 1891, Lehigh 24, Navy 4; 1893, Lehigh 18, Army 0; 1893, Lehigh 14, Cornell 0; 1896, Lehigh 44, Rutgers 0; and in 1897, 1898 and 1899, Lehigh scored 138 points to N. Y. U.'s 0.

College football, even in 1896, had the problem of amateurs and professionals. In that year the Lehigh-Lafayette games were not played because of that reason. Lafayette, in a football barnstorming trip through Virginia, picked up a self-admitted professional to attend college for the



remainder of the season. The dispute stirred the nation's press, which sided with Lehigh, and the articles looked about the same as those being printed today about college football.

1902 ushered in a new era of Lehigh football (e. g., Lehigh 70, Villanova 0) made famous by the student riot and by Andy Farabaugh, the Lehigh two-year captain. Andy was one of those athletes that can only be called a character, a really colorful ball player. The favorite story about Andy concerns a Lafayette basketball game in which Andy armed the Lehigh team with cap pistols, and every time the Lafayette team made ready to shoot a basket, the boys were to draw their pistols, cap, that is, and fire. However, the Lafayette men refused to play because they suspected that the pistols might be the real thing.

Andy, although he only weighed 175 pounds, was the strongest man to enter Lehigh, according to the records in the P. E. office. His strength probably helped him in his four years of football. In his last year, he scored the winning touchdown against Lafayette. The game was watched by his two pet goats, dressed in brown and white costumes, and his pet mottled bulldogs, in addition to the ordinary Lafayette fans. Andy also organized and directed the famous victory parade of '03 thru Bethlehem. In this parade, there were over five thousand people and all of the local fire engines. It was surprising that the townspeople supported and marched in this parade considering the riot that occurred the year before.

In 1902 the freshmen had their customary banquet. The sophomores always tried to prevent the frosh from attending, and sometimes the sophs used rather harsh methods. P. E. Butler, president of the sophomore class and varsity fullback, organized a raid on the freshman banquet which was held in the Old Sun Inn. About seventy sophs tried to cut the electric wires leading into the hotel, but failing in that, they rushed the doors. As the doors were locked it was necessary to force them. They did. In the meantime another group of second year men managed to climb the pole and cut the wires in spite of the pistol shot that one of the Bethlehem police fired at him. So the sophs inside started to take the Sun Inn and the frosh apart. According to the Bethlehem Globe they "wrecked the

room completely, smashed the furniture and dishes, broke a freshman's skull, put three men in the hospital, and beat and treated others in a shameful manner." The damage was over five hundred dollars, even with the prices of 1902.

The president of the sophomore class, Butler, was suspended, and since the team needed him the students threatened to strike. The school called their bluff, but the strike did not come off. The freshman class paid the damages and signed an agreement to discontinue all future dangerous interclass rivalry, so the fullback was allowed to return to school. This affair almost finished all forms of hazing on the Lehigh Campus for all times, and combined with a similar affair at the University of Pennsylvania which also received national publicity, helped reduce hazing in all colleges.

In 1912, Lehigh, paced by Pat Pazzetti, All-American Quarterback, and by George Hoban, All-American mention and later a successful Lehigh football coach, had its best football year in history. Although they lost to Princeton, who ranked third, and to Carlisle, who ranked second national-

ly, they ran over the rest of their opponents. Pazzetti ran the full length of the field in beating Navy 14-0, and he scored 14 points against Carlisle. In the Carlisle game, if Jim Thorpe, greatest back of all time, had not lived up to his press notices and scored 22 points in Taylor Stadium, Lehigh might have ranged as the best team in the entire country. Even with these two defeats the Engineers were the sixth best in all America. It is interesting to note that, after the season, the registrar issued for publication the fact that both Pazzetti and Hoban were taking full rosters and passing all their work.

In 1915 the Lafayette coach, Bill Crowell, caught Lehigh completely asleep with a new set of plays. Lafayette had been holding secret practice for several weeks and in the annual Lehigh game these plays paid off. The big and slow Lehigh team was baffled when the Maroons lined up about ten feet apart on the offense. The backs jumped into the line while the linemen jumped into the backfield just before the ball was centered, thus making the guards and tackles pass receivers. The Lehigh team had

(Continued on page 20)

**Miss Patricia Butler of Clearwater, Florida,  
escorted by Mr. Charles Thompson, Drinker House.**



If You Wish to See the Engine Run Drop a Nickel in the Slot. I put a nickel in the slot. Just before it might have disappeared I pulled it back and looked at the date. 1928. And the Indian. The feathers seemed to be drooping more than usual, but that was the hour. Or because it was 1944 and who gave a damn. The Indian seemed to be older and harder than usual. But that was because it was 1928 and it was 1944 and no one gave a damn.

I put the nickel back in the slot and some lights flashed on and the railroad engine worked itself to the tune of some Swiss schottische. Small clean oiled pistons pumped in and out, in and out, and the music skipped a few notes and the engine whirred. And then the lights went out. And the engine stopped whirring. And the little sign stared up at you and wondered why You Didn't Wish to See the Engine Run for a Nickel.

So you put another nickel in to see the engine run and the train between Wilkes-Barre and Bethlehem was fifty

minutes late and it was four twenty in the morning, in the goddamned morning. The little engine—the number on the cab was 218, the name was Donald, the road was the Lehigh Valley—whirred and the lights in the

ors back in the corner giggling to themselves. There was a Jew with a dead cigar in his mouth who fumed about how late the train was. Except for the kid who came over to the station with the early edition of the

## Donald and The Indians

an essay in ennui

By D. V. RANDALL

front glowed clear and the lights in the rear glowed red and some notes were skipped. It was 1944 and who gave a damn.

You stood and looked at the still engine and wondered maybe some one would come with a nickel to put in the slot and watch Donald and listen to the whir. But most of the people in the station were sleeping on the wooden benches in the waiting rooms. There were a couple sail-

Record, and the ticket agent who was figuring how much it would cost to go to Chicago by way of Cincinnati, there wasn't anyone else awake.

I looked around and then put another nickel in the slot. Whirrr. And the lights went off.

I thought about the nickel from 1928 and the worn out Indian on it and wondered what it thought about being put down a slot to make Donald run for a minute. Maybe the Indian didn't like it. Why should he? A worn out sort of an affair with droopy feathers had a right to be on a reservation or something.

What Morgenthau ought to do with these old nickels is to bring them back to Washington after fifteen years and melt them down and then take the lump and throw it in the Atlantic. I figure the Indian has a right to a little rest after fifteen years of being put in slots just to see the engine named Donald run for a minute. But maybe when a kid comes up to the engine and reaches up and puts this Indian in the slot and looks at the whirr with his eyes wide open and clapping his hands, then maybe the Indian doesn't mind this being put in slots.

But as I say, it's when you're just killing time waiting for a train that's fifty minutes late and you put a nickel in the slot, that's no good. That's not doing right by the Indian.

(Continued on page 22)



**Mrs. Edward W. White from Salisbury, Maryland, escorted by her husband, Theta Chi Fraternity.**



For some time after World War II began, life at Lehigh went on as before. The first indication of changes to come occurred on October 16, 1940, when 428 students and faculty members registered under the provisions of the Draft Act. However, the

grams were announced, accompanied by a flood of posters and pamphlets. These programs, known as V-1 and V-7, offered the student a chance to finish his college education under naval auspices and go then into officers' training.

possible before being called into service. Scarcely had they returned when Bethlehem held its first black-out. Reports indicate that the trial was a complete success except for a certain amount of light from the 5 mile-long Bethlehem Steel Works which continued to operate full blast.

Enrollment for the fall term in 1942 was 1717, the largest number in Lehigh history. Of these, 1100 were in one form or another of the service reserves.

A "Service Information Assembly" in October attracted a majority of students, who were given the complete story on service reserves by Army, Navy, Marine and Air Corps representatives.

The highly successful 1942 football team, one of the best in years, finished its season on Thanksgiving Day with a suspense-laden 7-7 tie with Lafayette College. This was followed immediately by a sensational student victory over the Easton Police Department (who desired to maintain possession of several miscellaneous goalposts and other structures on the playing field).

The year 1943 was very young

## Lehigh and The War Years

By P. D. WELLENKAMP

general course of circumstances here was changed very little by this incident. Outstanding events during this school year included the National Collegiate Wrestling Tournament, held in Taylor Gymnasium. By June 1941, when 338 seniors graduated, most of the students had put thoughts of the Draft out of their minds.

Shortly after the start of the fall semester in 1941 Lehigh marked its 75th anniversary by dedicating three new campus constructions, including an immense sports auditorium-drill hall. Fall Houseparty several weeks later was the first such event to be held on the campus in many years. The 1500-odd couples who flocked to the newly completed Grace Hall were not aware that this was to be the last pre-war houseparty.

Pearl Harbor Day caused amazement, bewilderment, even complete disbelief on the campus. President Williams, Dean of Undergraduates Congdon, and the president of the student body, all issued statements requesting everyone to "keep calm and collected." But they were not heeded. A few men rushed off to volunteer, but most everyone reserved judgment until the situation became clearer.

After Christmas vacation in 1941 several unusual changes in procedure were inaugurated by the faculty as wartime measures: (1) An optional "accelerated program" would be offered, beginning in the summer of 1942. This simply meant that students would attend school three terms a year instead of the usual two. No shortening of individual courses was anticipated. (2) Spring Houseparty and Spring Vacation were abolished for the duration of the war.

In February Naval Reserve Pro-

A similar program, the Army's Enlisted Reserve Corps, made its appearance soon after, and to further confuse the student the possibility of a II-A draft deferment was open to him—on condition that he "was making reasonable progress in any field of engineering or in certain specified science curriculums."

For the first time in University history a regular school semester was offered in the summer. More than 500 students returned to school in June, 1942 to obtain as much education as

Miss Sally Lewis from New York City, N. Y., escorted by Mr. Charles C. Allen, Delta Sigma Phi Fraternity.



when the outward-bound trek began. The E. R. C. began it by calling 22 men on February 13th and 95 more men on the 17th. Not to be outdone, the Air Corps Reserve requested the presence of 85 men on February 24th. These losses plus men called by their draft boards totaled 240 in February, and men left Lehigh in a steady stream during the remainder of the semester.

Persistent rumors of the University's future demise caused the Dean's Office to issue a statement that "Lehigh would not be completely taken over by any of the services; that it would provide educational facilities and lodging for a service training program, but that it would in addition continue to offer courses to civilians."

Although the E. R. C. men had been called somewhat sooner than they had expected, there was a general feeling of relief when the final word came in February. Since early in December, 1942 countermanding directives and bits of information had poured into the Dean's Office in such a stream that no one had any real notion of the future of the E. R. C. One of the most logical deductions

was "that the E. R. C. shall be called on the first full moon preceding St. Patrick's Day if the current semester ends on an even-numbered day and further, if the name of the president of the university contains more than six letters."

Ninety-four members of Lehigh's first accelerated class, graduated in January, 1943, simply as part of the class of 1943.

The last of a series of "last" House-parties, featuring Jimmy Lunceford this time was held April 16th, only slightly dampened by the O. P. A. ban on pleasure driving.

The unaccelerated portion of the class of '43 graduated in May, numbering 199 men. Of over 1700 students who had begun the spring term, there were but 1100 left when the term closed.

Civilian enrollment was much reduced from that of the previous term, owing to E. R. C. withdrawals and the work of the various local draft boards, and particularly to the loss of 250 advanced R. O. T. C. students and 244 V-1 and V-12 students, all of whom were called to duty at the close of the spring semester.

In addition to 550 civilian students, more than 750 Army Specialized Training Program trainees were on the campus. This group, originally expected in April, had arrived in time to start their work on July 12th. Engineering courses plus a unified course in Arts and Science and one in Business Administration were offered to the civilians on a three semester per year basis. Since the A. S. T. P. operated on an independent 12-week term basis, special courses had to be organized for them, in addition to the civilian courses.

The A. S. T. P. of 1944 was different from the desultory Student Army Training Corps of 1918-19. The objective of this new program was "to meet the need of the Army for the special technical training of soldiers on active duty for certain Army tasks for which its own training facilities are insufficient . . .".

Men trained here were to receive certain basic courses and possibly advanced work, with the view of sending some of the graduates to Army service schools, others to Officers' Training Units, and the remainder to duty with the troops as technicians.

Of the 750 A. S. T. P. trainees who arrived here in July, 1944, 600 took work in basic and advanced engineering and the remaining 150 were assigned to train for what is now called the American Military government, although at the time they were referred to as the "area-language group."

Although this program was designed primarily to supplement Army service schools, it contributed much toward the payment of Lehigh's expenses, both operating and fixed, which were not being met by tuition from civilian students and by normal alumni gifts.

The basic curriculum given to the engineering A. S. T. P. students comprised three 12-week terms and covered mathematics, physics, chemistry, engineering drawing, English and history. Area-language men received work in detail-geography, history and spoken foreign languages.

The first group of trainees was shortly joined by 166 former Lehigh men who had been jointly in the E. R. C. and advanced R. O. T. C. On their return to Lehigh they assumed the status "A. S. T. P.-R. O. T. C." and began to take the advanced



**Mrs. Robert E. Burslem of Millburn, N. J., escorted by her husband of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.**



A. S. T. P. courses in civil, chemical, electrical and mechanical engineering.

While the first draft of army trainees had lived in Richards, Taylor and Drinker dormitories, a second one arriving in October (600 men) was quartered higher up on South Mountain, utilizing all the campus fraternities.

Both Lamberton hall and an area in the basement of Drown hall were used as mess halls for the army trainees. Since their number exceeded 1400 in the fall of 1943, meals were sometimes a difficult proposition and trainees claimed that they often waited in line over an hour for a single meal.

Examinations occurred frequently for the A. S. T. P. men, since the University was required to submit 4-, 8-, and 12-week grades for them, and since the Army frequently had them fill out standard Army examinations.

From the appearance of their schedules, covering their entire day from "Reveille—0645 until Taps—2245", it seems that the Army routine was always with them. In addition to classes, formations and clean-up detail, the boys drilled and enjoyed two hours of physical training each day. There were chances for escape, however. New York was easily reached. All the university facilities (including Joe's) were open to them, and they were allowed to participate in some extra-curricular activities (such as the Brown and White—for which they wrote two pages of their own). The unit was able to hold three Regimental Balls in Grace hall, including a "Friendship Ball" in March 1946, shortly before they returned to active duty.

After three terms of work, the A. S. T. P. unit was recalled to active duty in the spring of 1944. The A. S. T. P. - R. O. T. C. group departed with them, leaving only 22 17-year-old A. S. T. P. reservists to keep the 350 civilian students company.

A steady drop in civilian enrollment had followed the drastic cut in registration which occurred in the summer of 1943, and the departure of the large Army group forced the University to think in terms of deficits. After a poll of the faculty, the Brown and White backed a proposal to make Lehigh co-ed to allow several hundred women to enter the University immediately, principally in

the College of Arts and Sciences. Alumni found this idea undesirable, and their contributions to meet the coming deficit, which already had been pouring in, increased still more. Rumors of Lehigh's closing quickly died down, and the entrance of 199 Air Corps Reservists in August, 1944 further relieved the situation.

President C. C. Williams left in July, 1944 and his duties were assumed by a three-man committee consisting of the Deans of the three colleges of the University. Before leaving, President Williams gave the commencement address to the 43 men of the class of 1944 who remained to graduate in June. Their number had originally been 600, and he compared them to Tennyson's Light Brigade whose duty it was "not to reason why nor to inquire whether someone had blundered."

In October, 339 students registered, including 21 veterans of World War II. Besides, 151 Air Corps Reservists were still present at that time. By then consolidation had followed through completely at Lehigh. In addition to condensing courses and curriculums, it was found desirable to eliminate individual class officers

(since there were 12 different classes containing 25-30 men each) and substitute for them a five man committee elected by all the students. Instead of separate class banquets, the committee sponsored an All-University banquet shortly before Christmas vacation in December, 1944.

Nine men graduating February, 1945 formed the smallest graduating class of the war and one of the smallest in university history.

The 50 new students admitted in the spring of 1945 included 38 veterans, for a total enrollment of 300, one of the smallest of the war.

During the course of the war many members of the faculty left Lehigh to work at government designated research centers on special war projects. Those who remained on the campus were also able to make valuable contributions to the war effort in addition to their teaching duties. Many of the projects are still secret, but among those about which information has been released are included in the following:

(1) A project concerning X-Ray diffraction on which both the chemistry and physics departments worked.

(Continued on page 23)

Miss Freddie Pitman of Beverly, Mass., escorted by Henry J. Salm, Tau Delta Phi Fraternity.



Now it's strange that you should ask about that crowd, stranger. It's a funeral and I was just thinking back on how it all started. If you have a few minutes to spare, sit down and I'll tell you about it. It's a story worth hearing and I guarantee that it'll change some of your ideas a mite. Why, yes, I have been to school out East, although it's pretty near forty years ago. But I manage to keep up with the times and know what's going on in the world. Y'know, it's a funny thing what living in a small town does to a man's mentality and I always say—oh, yes, the story.

Well, it all started about ten years ago on a freezing day in March, when the snow looked as though it was ready to settle down for a month or two. We'd only had two flurries so far that winter, neither one drifting over forty-two feet on level ground. But this one looked like it might be the real thing. The way we heard tell about it, Bart Schaefer was up in his cabin one night, getting ready for a long winter, because he knew what storms were like out here, when he heard a noise outside his cabin door. That's the cabin over on that mountain, that little speck just below

where the sun hits the ridge—hmm, it's later than I thought it was. I guess the old lady will be having a fit, but when it comes to treating a woman, I always say that—oh, yes, Bart Schaefer.

Well, he opened the door just a

ers from the thing came down, but I think the story was exag—oh, yes, the door. Bart stood there for a minute, listening and trying to see out into the storm, but there didn't seem to be anything out there. So he was about to close the door, when he

## Schaefer's Dawg

By AL BUBENSTEIN

mite, to make sure that the wind wouldn't come busting in like it did to the Widow Hennessey last winter. She opened her door to put the cat out and the wind tore the door right off the hinges and slammed the Widow and all her furniture out the back wall of the house like they'd been shot from a cannon. She landed in a haystack, luckily, but her big stuffed divan was impaled on the church steeple two miles away. Folks thought it was still snowing a week later when the last of the goose feath-

heard a noise, like a voice, coming out of the snow, which had drifted up against the house.

Now Bart's not a superstitious man, but hearing voices from the snow would make any one cross his fingers and swear off the bottle (although Bart hadn't had any more than his usual two gallons of hard cider after supper). But he's pretty brave and getting up his nerve, he pushed his foot into the drift and touched something soft. Reaching in, he pulled out a half-frozen Scotch Terrier that looked just about done in. Well, when it came to animals, Bart Schaefer was right there and it wasn't more than two shakes before he had the little fellow all wrapped up, lying next to the fire, drinking some of Bart's home made cider (which would make ice turn to steam).

During the excitement of finding the dog and taking care of him, Bart had forgotten all about the voice he'd thought he heard, so when the pooch spoke up in a clear, high voice, saying, "Thank you, sir, you're very kind to a poor dumb animal," he was a mite taken aback. After he got over his first surprise, however, and had talked with the dog for a couple of hours, Schaefer got to feeling that he'd known the Scottie all his life. He found that this wasn't just any ordinary talking dog. This one was educated, well-read, and much-travelled.

His original master had been the Dean of English and contemporary languages at Oxford University, and fine education and manners. And it was to him that the dog owed his given as a present to one of the Dean's favorite students who later became Britain's leading statesman in the twentieth century. He had great



**Mrs. Charles R. Meissner of Nyack, New York,  
escorted by her husband, Catasaugua, Penna.**



faith in the terrier's judgment, and many historians claim that it was on the dog's advice that England declared war on Germany in 1914. When he was twenty-two years old, the dog was kidnapped by a band of roving Gypsies who exhibited him to the public as "Le Chien Parlant de Mozambique" even though the animal had never been anywhere near Mozambique in his life. Discouraged by his situation, and tired of touring Europe and the Middle East with a group which he believed to be inferior to him in every way, the dog escaped from them in central Germany and made his way to the University at Heidelberg, where he learned to play the piano and the xylophone by ear. He came to America with Charles A. Lindberg on his secret return trip from Paris to New York, non-stop. Bidding goodbye to his many admirers in the world's largest city (although some people still claim that London is the bigger), he started out to see the United States and its people. When the blizzard caught him a few miles from our town, he made for the nearest lights on the mountain and that's how he'd ended up at Schaefer's place.

Well, this was the beginning of a new life for Bart Schaefer. The dog sort of took a fancy to him, and in those seventy-four days that became known as the "Blizzard of Twenty-eight," Bart Schaefer became a new man. He came out of that cabin after the storm (this wasn't the heaviest snowfall we've ever had, but the snow piled up so deep on the side of the mountain that an old mine shaft thirty feet below the surface collapsed from the additional weight)—he came out of that cabin a different person. From a worthless bum who was born as the laziest man in seven counties, he changed into a deep-thinking, educated man with a purpose in life: to get rich and see the world he'd heard the dog tell such wonderful stories about.

The first step he took in his new career was to follow the Scottie's advice and buy up all the available bottom land on the south side of the mountain. The dog had overheard some railroad executives talking about a proposed extension of the passenger service, and that they'd prefer going around the mountain instead of through it. Well, sure enough, two weeks later their repre-

sentative came to town and gave Schaefer forty times the price he'd paid for the land. But that was only the beginning. Schaefer's dog had studied a little minerology and metallurgy in his leisure hours at Heidelberg, and felt certain that the surrounding area was typical of copper country. Bart spent a few weeks prospecting and one day, just as the dog had said, he found a vein of pure copper in the face of a nearby cliff. Schaefer staked out a claim and it turned out to be the richest vein in that part of the country. Bart Schaefer soon became the richest man in the southern part of the state, playing the stock market on the terrier's tips and winning every time. He bulled and bearred where even the most rockless investors would have been afraid to budge and he made a killing every time.

By this time folks were beginning to wonder about Bart Schaefer's luck, because they knew that he had never amounted to anything before the railroad deal. So they formed a committee and paid a call on Bart to find out the reasons for his success. Bart wouldn't tell them, though, no matter how they begged and pleaded

with him. Just as they were getting ready to leave, pretty much disappointed and angry with Bart, the dog, having seen or talked to no one but Schaefer for over six months, and thirsting for the human companionship he had once enjoyed so much, came out from behind the bed and introduced himself.

The folks were all a mite surprised at first, but they knew that something must have been responsible for Schaefer's rise to power, so they all gathered around the Scottie and asked him all kinds of questions and for all sorts of advice, from how to play the stock market to what to do with an unfaithful wife. Well the dog was starved for conversation and as long as they kept coming and asking, he kept talking and answering. The news spread like a brush fire and pretty soon the county was there and the other half on the way. Schaefer's dog talked for seven straight days and fourteen hours, taking time out only to drink two hundred gallons of Bart's hard cider which he'd acquired a taste for) and to check up on some mathematical formulas that had slipped his mind. He was quoted in every newspaper and magazine in the state

**Mrs. Richard A. Matheis from Hollis, L. I., escorted by her husband, Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.**



and the two local radio stations hooked up to broadcast his predictions and advice.

Well, Schaefer's dog became a legend around the countryside and thousands came to him for advice and for tips on the stock market, which was getting pretty active about that time. Somehow, though, he always seemed partial to the people from this county and through his predictions most of them became richer than any of them had ever dreamed of being. The county committee tried to run him for governor, but he was ruled out on some technicality about citizenship, and he was withdrawn from the ballot.

Things were getting pretty hot in the stock market by this time and although Schaefer's dog tried to caution them about over-speculating, the whole country seemed to be going wild. Well, the inevitable happened and the whole thing came tumbling down. You may remember the crash of twenty-nine, and although a lot of economists put the blame for it on Schaefer's dog, he tried his best to stop it; so they are, blaming him unjustly.

The old saying held true, and when luck turned against him, his former friends did, too. So after the folks had lost their money and even the copper mine had petered out, they started to condemn him as loudly as they had praised him before. Copies of his autobiography were burned in the streets and for a while Bart Schaefer thought that they might try to lynch both of them. Things quieted down after that and folks left the two of them pretty much alone, but being ignored and hated was more than Schaefer's dog could stand. He seemed to fade away to a mere shadow and his once shiny black hair turned to a dull gray. He became moody and disagreeable and one day he said the last words any one ever heard from him. Yes, I guess that's the price of glory. —What, the funeral? Oh, no Schaefer's dog isn't dead, that's the postman they're burying, the fool dog bit him yesterday and he died.

Breathes there a man so much abnormal  
That he can't be stirred by a low-cut formal.



**Mrs. Edwin H. Snyder of Birmingham, Alabama,  
escorted by her husband of Bethlehem, Penna.**

A beauty, by name Henrietta,  
Just loved to wear a tight sweater.  
Three reasons she had:  
To keep warm wasn't bad,  
But her other two reason were better.

\* \* \*

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
Upon a moonlight ride.

When Jack came back,  
His eye was black,  
His pal, you see, had lied.

\* \* \*

"Gosh, you have a lovely figure!"  
"Now let's not go all over that again."

\* \* \*

She—I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kiss.

He—Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say.

—Yale Record

\* \* \*

He (asking a riddle): Why do you have so many boy friends?

She: I give up!

\* \* \*

Student Nurse: "Every time I bend over to listen to his heart, his pulse rate goes up alarmingly. What should I do?"

Interne: "Button your collar!"

\* \* \*

Today's version: A sorority house is an institution of yearning!

\* \* \*

The wolf was too poor to buy etchings so he asked for the girl friend to come up and see the handwriting on the wall.

\* \* \*

The dam burst, and the raging flood quickly forced the townspeople to flee to the hills.

As they gazed down sadly at their flooded homes, they saw a straw hat float gently downstream for about fifty feet. Then it stopped, turned around and plowed slowly upstream against the rushing waters. After fifty feet, it turned and moved downstream again. Then upstream again. Then downstream again.

"Say," said one of the townsfolk, "what makes that straw hat so darn funny?"

"Well, I ain't sartin sure," spoke up a youth, "but last night I heard Grandpa swear, come hell or high water he was a-gonna mow the lawn today."



The name of Johnny Winton will live forever in the annuals of the United States Medical Corps. And for as long as they live, the men of the 1127th Medical Battalion's Advance Aid Station will remember Johnny, too. They'll remember his

know yet that these Krauts like to put snipers in houses?"

"Well, I dunno, sir. Maybe that's why they tell you back here about the Krauts, but I never seen 'em do that. They usually stick 'em off in a field in a camouflaged hole. Any-

head out the window and said I should stay there and cover the place while he checked it over. There was something interesting that he wanted to check into. So he said, anyway.

"When he kinda staggered out the door and I saw the condition he was in I figured he'd checked into it okay—he always was the most persistent, nosey guy I ever saw with that stuff, and with his bad luck it always hit where it hurts—so I figured I'd best get him back here to you folks right away."

"Yes, and a good thing you did, too. You can't let things like that go without treatment."

"Clerk! Enter this in the Medical Record: 'Sergeant John R. Winton, 3756091, 6 June 1944. Omaha Beach, France. Patient given standard prophylaxis'."

\* \* \*

"They've got a new sign over in the gym—CHEST EXPANSION OR BUST!"

## Armageddon At The Farmhouse

By G. W. DRIVER, JR.

long, lanky Texan body, tanned deep brown from the North African sun, as the orderly stripped the clothes off it. Yes, sir, the first man into the Aid Station on Omaha Beach was a man to remember.

Captain Levine, who was really a good guy, even if he did raise hell about the police all the time, came over and laid his hand on Johnny's shoulder.

"How was it, boy? You've really got yourself something there! We've been on the beach for less than an hour and here you are, knocked out already. Tell me about it!"

Well, now, Johnny, he was from Texas, and he knew when it was right to speak and when it was better to hold the cards close.

"It was okay, Cap'n," said Johnny "Yeah, it was okay."

And that was all Johnny'd say. So then the Captain he got after me.

"Say Dorgan—that's your name, isn't it?—you tell me about it. This soldier's as close as a clam."

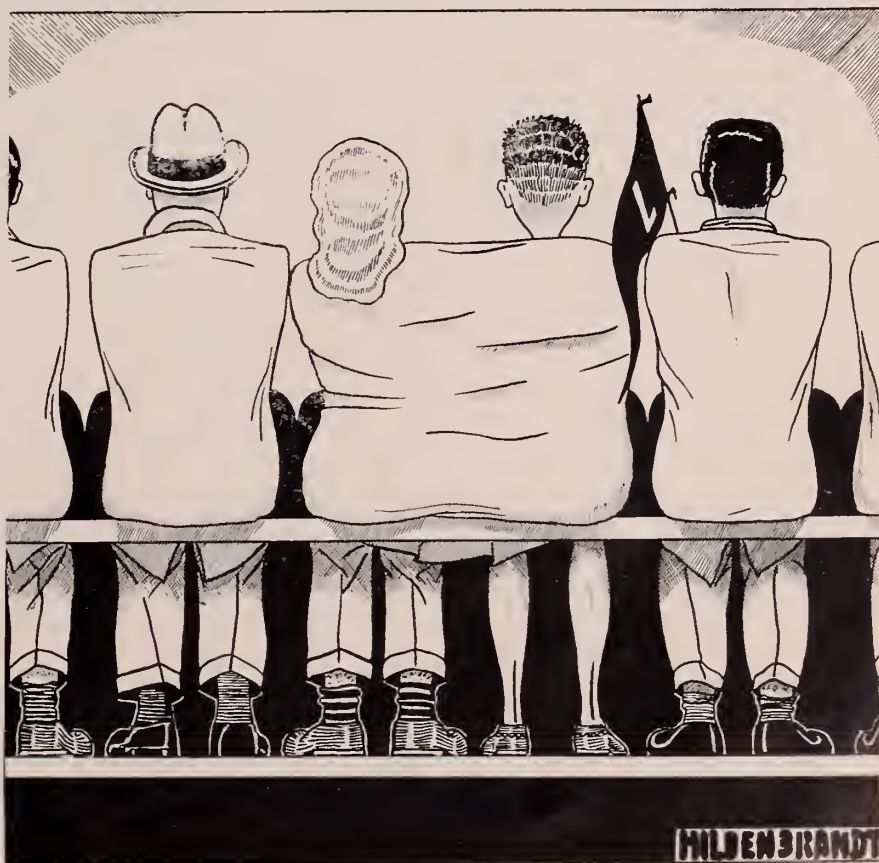
When the Captain nailed me like that—I'm Pete Dorgan, Johnny's buddy man—that's 'cause we're both from down near Austin—I just didn't know what to say. Johnny knew what happened; he knew better than I did. After all, he was there, wasn't he? And if he felt like keeping the cinches tight, who was I to loosen them? But then on the other hand, a Captain's a Captain, even if he is a Medic.

"Well, sir, you see, it was like this; we was going through that field they warned us about—the one with all the machine guns—when Johnny saw the farmhouse. He took one look at it and took off for it like a wounded antelope."

"Why did he do that? Doesn't he

how, you'd have to ask Johnny why he headed for the farmhouse. I couldn't say. Maybe he thought he'd find a command post there, like the one he cleaned out in Sicily. He got the Silver Star for that, you know? Well, no, I reckon you wouldn't know, at that. You wasn't there.

"Johnny yelled for me to cover him while he went in. I didn't argue with him. He's a sergeant, and besides, I'm no hero, anyway. There wasn't no shootin'. Not a bit. After a couple of minutes he poked his





It is customary for University graduates to describe their college years as the happiest period of their lives.

They are quite sincere. There is, indeed, every reason why undergraduate life in normal times should be so enjoyable as to be recalled with pleasure throughout a lifetime. To be sure, pleasure is not the goal of education, but it is a remarkably good catalyst.

I am told that undergraduate life at Lehigh through the years has had a unique quality. Only a short acquaintance with Lehigh alumni has impressed me with their comradeship—a quality that can spring only from an interesting and enjoyable campus relationship, a good class spirit and a common affection for the University.

Although these things are, in a sense, the heritage of the smaller college, Lehigh has maintained them while reaching the status of a University in the scope of its instruction.

It is only fair to ask candidly what today's students are going to experience in undergraduate life. It is an important problem both for you and

for me, and I submit that we can all do something about it.

University education is today faced with problems of a magnitude never equalled. Over a million young men and women are crowding the halls of institutions of all sizes. Temporary living accommodations, larger classes and faculty shortages are universal signs of the times.

Could these conditions have been avoided in Lehigh's case? Yes, but at a price that would permit none of us to live with our conscience. Young men who have already lost years from their active careers through military service have been given an unprecedented chance to better those careers and in a sense

to make up for lost time by facing the world as college graduates.

So long as one of these veterans finds opportunity closed to him by the overcrowding of colleges, it would be unthinkable to limit Lehigh's enrollment to pre-war levels, even if it meant a return to the college days usually referred to as "easy and care-free."

True, Lehigh cannot provide for every veteran, but until we have taxed our facilities to the "reasonable" limit as is true today, we have not done our share.

There is an equal obligation on Lehigh's part which is usually referred to in terms of "maintaining standards." This could be described as refusing to devalue the Lehigh degree. Industry and the professions have, through pleasant experience, come to expect certain capabilities of Lehigh graduates.

Every undergraduate has the right to expect at commencement his chances for employment and subsequent advancement will be bolstered by his degree. He likewise can expect that his experience as an un-

## Catalysts of Education

By DR. MARTIN D. WHITAKER

*President of Lehigh University*

dergraduate will permit him to live up to the obligations of that degree.

The combination of all these factors results in a picture that is considerably different from the pre-war picture of college life. I won't pretend that it can be easy, either for students or faculty to make the adjustments necessary to fit into the current picture but we owe it to each other and to ourselves to make the best of the situation as it exists. It is possible that this temporary condition will have some positive value.

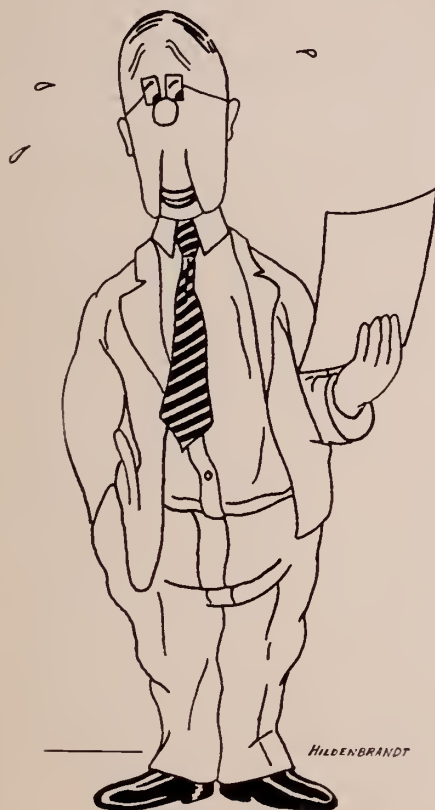
I know that every effort will be made to provide opportunities for extra-curricular activities, healthful exercise and recreation. Participation,



however, is largely the choice of the individual student and by a wise mixture of work and recreation he can to a great extent recapture the traditional pleasure of University life.

As individuals, classes and living groups, Lehigh undergraduates can make something very worth while and worth remembering of their college experience even under the present crowded conditions.

I understand that Lehigh men pride themselves in never avoiding the "hard way" if it happens to be the best way. It looks as though all of us may be asked to prove our mettle on that score in the immediate semesters ahead. I propose that we face the immediate future with three attributes—a sense of purpose, a sense of proportion and a sense of humor.



I fear, Hawkins, that you have misinterpreted the meaning of free body diagram. (Mech. 1)

## Marjorie-Jo Goes to College

By HOWARD A. KUCHER

### Canto I

*My tale begins on Florida's sunny strand,  
Where folks escape the cold of Northern land.  
Here families find a winter's snug retreat,  
So they may write their friends about the heat.  
Our story takes us to a cottage small,  
A tiny place, the size of Packer Hall.  
There dwelled therein a certain family, which  
Though Abercrombie, had no ties with Fitch.  
The Abercrombies kept this modest hut  
By fortunes made in canning coconut.  
Their power was so great in tropic ways,  
The monkeys all wore coats embossed with A's.  
A child was born, here in the sunny South;  
A SOLID silver spoon was in her mouth.  
Her parents had a mighty inclination  
The ultimate in names was hyphenation.  
Our heroine thus incurred the heavy woe  
Of struggling 'neath a weighty Marjorie-Jo.  
And yet an allergy foiled her parents' ends,  
For she was known as "Sniffles" to her friends.  
We lightly pass through years of childish doubt,  
And meet the joyous time of coming out.  
The family had a very lavish spurt,  
With coconut-palm leaves forming "Sniffles'" skirt.*

### Canto II

*A question pricked the parents like a burr;  
"The girl's arrived; what shall we do with her?"  
The answer came, as always is the rule,  
"We'll simply send the darling child to school."  
And still we find, across our mighty nation,  
This cause for female higher education.  
So off she went, in Buick trimmed with chrome,  
For four years better spent at home.  
She had no whim for studies, if you please;  
Her choice of courses binged upon their ease.  
Her fellow "students" helped her in her plight,  
And so she shunned the rays of learning's light.  
Professors learned to please the lovely maids  
By pushing up their sorely sagging grades.  
When girlies cried, "Why it's a snap with Knapp,"  
THAT teacher had a feather in his cap.  
So college life rolled on for "Sniffles" dear,  
And Pater paid for every fruitless year.  
In step with college aristocracy,  
Our Marjie joined a swank sorority.  
Her prestige soared; she was a lucky girl,  
Engulfed in school's mad-dashing social whirl.  
My pretty Miss, glide on without a fear,  
Don't stop to say, "Where do I go from here?"  
Care not, my friend, your dancing is perfection,  
And thinking's dull; life doesn't need direction.*

\* \* \* \*

*So then we come to see this last conclusion,  
A comment on our college girl's confusion.  
She nullifies her years of college life,  
In one mad dash to be somebody's wife.*

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NEAR MARKET STREET

## The Return of Jazz

By John Treichler

Just as Lehigh is gradually regaining its prestige in the sports world, Jazz is once again returning to the limelight in the music world.

Don't let that word "Jazz" mislead you. If Jazz suggests to you merely the plink, plink of a banjo on an old rasping record of the 1920's, you better wake up, son. If you think Jazz is old-fashioned, try spending an evening at "Nick's" in New York's Greenwich Village, or at one of Eddie Condon's Jazz Concerts in Carnegie Hall. You will soon discover that Jazz is every bit as modern and, incidentally, much easier on the nerves than the conglomeration of riffs and screaming trumpets which constitute the music of the present Herman and Kenton orchestras.

Although there is no definite dividing line between Jazz and other types of music, a few of the better-known groups which play a considerable amount of Jazz are Benny Goodman's Sextet, Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five, Duke Ellington's Orchestra, and Bob Crosby's pre-war Dixieland Band.

Of these four orchestras, the only one to make any recent recordings is Goodman's Sextet, which has produced an album for Columbia. Except for Teddy Wilson, who is heard on several of the sides, Goodman himself is the only member having had previous experience in the Sextet. These records are all highly satisfactory, although they are still slightly inferior to the ones made by the old Sextet.

On the Decca label there is a new album titled "George Gershwin Jazz Concert" which contains four of the best records released in many moons. Eddie Condon directs the group of musicians who represent practically every type of Jazz except the "re-bop" boys. The selections range from Lee Wiley's vocal on "Someone to Watch Over Me" to a knockout jam session on "Lady be Good." These records are a must for all "hot" collectors.

Esquire makes its debut on records with two 12-inch discs for Victor. Featured on the records are the winners of Esquire's 1946 Poll. The first side is a standard blues melody

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bearing the name "Long, Long Journey" and including vocal and trumpet solos by Louis Armstrong. As usual, Armstrong is terrific. The rest of the musicians give a rather disappointing performance on the other sides.

With the three largest recording firms finally turning out some real Jazz, the outlook is beginning to brighten. Who knows? Maybe the day is approaching when a person can walk into a music store and ask for Muggsy Spanier's "Relaxin' at the Touro" without first being handed a pile of Harry James and Sammy Kaye records.

\* \* \*

"Sweetheart," murmured the old-fashioned youth, "may I kiss your hand?"

### Spring Color

When small green leaves appear  
Among bushy yellow branches  
Of bright Forsythia . . .

When pink-fringed magnolias  
Open to their fullest whiteness,  
And begin to hang heavily . . .

When small white blossoms  
Shyly announce their presence  
Among the fruit tree leaves . . .

When long spirally green things  
Hang precariously for a while,  
And then drop spinning to the  
ground . . .

When old weeping-willow trees  
Again put out their yellowish  
Green, sad-hanging foliage,  
I know that spring is here.

—Alan F. Dubin  
Bus. J. '47

Lehigh Joe: "My prof said I was  
a young man who would go far."  
Cedarcrest Sue: "You're going just  
so far—no matter what your prof  
said."

\* \* \*

Two calves frisked up to a cow  
who was standing in a pasture.  
One said, "Can my friend stay for  
dinner, Ma?"



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My town is big, not big in area, but big in construction. Her steel and concrete buildings reach toward the heavens as if straining for air.

My town is tough. She has murderers, rapers, hoodlums, drunkards, racketeers, drug addicts, and fools.

Some say my town is ugly. Her buildings are pushed together, squeezed as if choking the life out of their occupants. Smoke and carbon monoxide odors fill the air. My town is rough. Her subways are jammed with shoving, irritated, perspiring people making their way home—"the rush hour". Her cars twisting, swerving, screeching—Red Light!

My town is hard and cold. Her bums clutter the alleyways of the bowery. Her beggars walk the lonely, dimly-lighted streets.

Some of her people are hard—"cut throats". Some taxi drivers, knowing one to be an-out-of-towner, would cheat and steal an extra fare. My town is hard all right.

My town is snobbish. Her elite from Fifth and Park Avenue don't know the misery and pain of "Hell's Kitchen" and don't care to. Her ten thousand dollar parties of champagne and expensive gifts contrast with orgies of Greenwich Village.

My town has prejudice: Christian, Jew; Irish; English; German, Italian; White, Negro—fools. My town is lonely, lonely for some outsiders, with all her millions; some outsiders are lonely.

My town is a city, big, tough, ugly, rough, hard, snobbish, prejudiced and lonely. More, even more.

But—My town is old, founded in 1626. That's 320 years "under her belt". She's a growing, living town: her population in 1790—33,131, and in 1945—1,902,000.

The throb of her heart is felt all over the United States, all over the world. The progress of her science and culture is felt from the dusty tombs of Egypt at the Metropolitan Museum of Art to the "moderns", "the Dalis" of Greenwich Village.

The rhythms of her music are felt from the Metropolitan Opera and Carnegie Hall to the frenzied, smokey "Jazz Halls" on fifty-second street.

The power of her education is felt from Columbia University to the fifty cent piano lesson obtainable one flight up. Her healing is felt in the hospitals from Mt. Sinai and Bellevue to the Dog and Cat Hospital on Second avenue.

**Manhattan**

By ROBERT L. WALDEN

The turning of pages is felt from the New York Public library, crowded with men seeking knowledge, to a dime novel read by an office girl on the subway. The vital, warm blood of her places of worship is felt from St. Patrick's Cathedral, where throngs gather in the cold sharp air of Christmas, to the Salvation Army Mission in the Bowery. All these are felt, more, even more.

The "dinging and danging" of her entertainment is felt from the colossal Radio City Music Hall to the naughty variety show on forty second street; her lavish nightclubs from the Copacabana, with its long-legged dancing girls to the corner bar—beer ten cents. The thrill of her sports is felt from the Polo Grounds to the sand lot.

The confusion, hustle and bustle of her business districts are felt from Wall Street with its Stock Exchange, Radio City with its RCA building, and the Empire State building to the noisy garment district. The flash of her advertisements on the Great White Way turns night into day, presenting a stirring contrast to the comparatively peaceful residential areas.

My town's a "melting pot" all right: German from Yorkville; Negro from Harlem; Chinaman from Chinatown; Irishman, Italian, Spaniard, Cuban, Indian, Norwegian. More, even more. Where else in the world can one find all these—more, even more—wrapped up in an area of thirty square miles!

My town is a big city. She's bad in a big way, and good in a big way. But, bad or good, she's my town—Manhattan.



*Through the war years to the present, a highly important industrial laboratory has been in operation on our campus. Little information about the research carried on behind its locked doors was issued to the public*

gages and precision measuring equipment which played a most vital role in World War II. These instruments, calibrated at the Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C., served as the master gages for all industries in this Ordnance District engaged in

## Big Doings in a Small Laboratory

By VICTOR FRAGER

*because of war time restrictions. These restrictions have been cancelled and Lehigh's gage laboratory may be seen by students and research workers alike.*

The end of the first World War ushered in a new era of mechanization wherein the science of mass production on an interchangeable parts basis was all important. Many countries, Germany and the United States in particular, realized the value of mass production. German industry, scheming to capture world markets, began, in secret to produce civilian articles in mass. A few years later, Germany, aided by its knowledge of mass production, began to produce military articles, in preparation for world conquest. U. S. industry, following a new road of peaceful expansion, looked to mass production as a better means of providing sundry articles, from electric toasters to constellations, more cheaply for more people. A quarter of a century later the effects of mass production were known to the world when the mechanized might of the German Army rolled over the hills of Europe.

Of the many factors making possible the present level of productivity none is more important than "the ability to measure accurately"—the key to standardization and the manufacture of interchangeable parts. In two unpretentious rooms in Packard Laboratory are housed gages, check

the manufacture of ordnance material.

This fortune in production and inspection gages as well as precision gage checking equipment has been converted, since the war's end, to serve in a three fold program designed to maintain and improve the present standards of industry. The equipment supplies a much needed place in the curriculum of Mechanical and Industrial Engineering where it is used to demonstrate design and gaging technique used by industry.

The gage laboratory is employed particularly for developing improvements which will save time, energy, and materials in the inspection operations thereby reducing final cost in manufacturing. The laboratory is engaged as a unit by the Ordnance Department under a training program for R. O. T. C. and O. R. C. units. Its facilities are also used by the Ordnance Department for checking and calibration work in conjunction with the local industries under ordnance contracts. The complete facilities of the laboratory are now at the disposal of any local industry or research group concerned with production problems.

With factions in our country agreeing that mass production is the answer to our national problems, we may look to Lehigh's Gage Laboratory for many important developments for bringing the end to industrial problems.

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## Helmets and Handlebars . . .

(Continued from page 5)

14 points scored against it by passes in the first five minutes of the game and that was the final winning margin of points.

In 1920 a Brown and White team which averaged only 158 pounds fought Penn State to a 7-7 tie. Pazzetti was managing the squad in the regular coach's absence and it must have taken three years from his life, for after Lehigh was leading 7-0 they tried a field goal. The ball just reached the end zone where, under the rules that year, it was still a free ball and if the Engineers could reach it, it was another touchdown. Goldman, L. U.'s 145 pound center, almost got to the ball, when a spectator rushed from the stands and fell on it. Goldman, after a few rather harsh words, got the ball, but the referee ruled no score and Penn State went on to score to end the game a tie. This type of play later became famous at a Princeton-Dartmouth game.

In 1921 Muhlenberg, who had never beaten L. U., finally turned the trick. Naturally, a thing like that could not go unnoticed. When a team loses, the administration never gets better players, but gets a new coach. Lehigh did. In a way, it was the coach's fault that L. U. lost. With Lehigh leading 13-0 and only five minutes to go in the ball game, he removed his first string and put in the subs. The Mules, paced by Crum, who is now Allentown High's coach, passed to two touchdowns before the Brown and White regulars could get back in the game. So Muhlenberg, aided by two excellent extra-point kicks, won their first game from Lehigh 13-14.

In 1922, one of Lehigh's former students came back to beat her. Brunner left Lehigh for the same reason that so many others have and went down to Penn. Scholastic difficulties caused him to leave Penn also, and then he turned up at Lafayette. In the annual game between Lehigh and Lafayette he gained his revenge when he kicked the field goal that beat the Engineers 3-0.

In 1928, Lehigh was playing Rutgers for the Houseparty game and was the underdog. Lehigh scored quickly on a long place kick to make the score, 3-0. Then the Engineers passed to the Rutgers one yard line. After a line buck failed to gain, the

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**Joe  
Kinney**

Brown and White lined up and attempted an end run. It looked good, perfect interference and not a Rutgers man near the tailback as he crossed the goal. However, it was not to be an upset, as one Rutgers end found the ball sitting on the ten yard line, picked it up and ran the length of the field for a touchdown. The final score was 7-3.

In 1930, Lehigh beat Princeton 13-9 on two perfect sixty yard runs. Col. Sadler, now Director of Athletics, was an assistant coach of the team in addition to his regular duty as a Captain in the R. O. T. C. And in 1931, just to prove that the win over Princeton the year before was not a mistake, the Engineers did it again. Paul Short, now assistant Director of Athletics, was the big star.

In 1942 Lehigh had its best year since 1936 and showed that the Engineers were starting to regain their place in the football world. Paced by Stan Szymakowski, who won the Maxwell Trophy for his work against Rutgers, and Captain Bernie Deehan, the Big Brown lost only two games. They lost to Yale and Penn State, both of whom emphasized football more than conservative Lehigh does.

Lehigh teams may not have won all their games nor lost all of them, but they have created a good part of the football history of the nation. From the times of the Pennsylvania Dutch cheers—

Ach, Ja, Ja  
Donnerwetter Yet  
Dose Dem Lehighs  
You just Bet!  
Aind it?

(Lehigh's short yell about 1900)  
—to these modern times, Lehigh has created a great deal of football tradition.

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## Donald and the Indians . . .

(Continued from page 6)

So I stopped putting nickels in the machine and just jingled them in my pocket. I jingled them, three of them, with a dime, 1935, two quarters, 1904, (you couldn't see the lady at all) and 1928, like the Indian, and a penny with the face of Abraham Lincoln, 1920. I looked at the penny for a long while trying to figure out what Old Abe would look like with red hair. I thought of his speech four score seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation and I wondered if this old 1928 Indian ever saw Old Abe or whether that was too long ago for the red-skin or maybe this redskin shot arrows at the Pilgrims in their black suits and turkeys slung over their backs. Or maybe he just stood in front of a cigar store.

I threw a nickel up in the air and caught it. I threw it up and caught it again. And once more. Then I looked at it. The Indian was still hard with a pointed jaw. The feathers still drooped. I went over to the ticket agent again and gave him the two quarters and asked him for ten nickels. He got them for me. I gave him one and said here, meet Minne-ha-ha. Then I went over to one of the benches and looked at the nickels. All of them were hard and drooped.

Except one. One seemed to have a sort of smile on his face. It was 1938. I looked at it and asked what do you have to be so happy about? And he just smiled. For five minutes I looked at this Indian from 1938. And he smiled.

I got up and put a nickel in Donald and watched him whirl. Then the loud speaker ground out Train for Mauch Chunk Lehigh Allentown Bethlehem South Plainfield Newark New York All Aboard.

I walked out to the train. The trainman was handing up the passengers. The two sailors. The Jew. Some others. And me. I gave him the 1938 smiling Indian and said

Okay, Donald, let's see what you can do.

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## Lehigh and the War Years . . .

(Continued from page 9)

(2) Extensive welding research carried on by the metallurgy department.

(3) A special project concerning the production of tapered metal tubing done by the personnel of the Fritz Engineering Laboratory. This work included both research on the production problem and the establishment of a small manufacturing plant in the lab to turn out the finished product in quantity. It is estimated that the work done by Fritz Laboratory increased the output of cargo plane landing gear components of one large commercial firm by 500%.

An interesting sidelight of the war was the establishment of a Lehigh contact with veterans in service, "The Alumni Newsletter", by Leonard H. Schick and Robert F. Herrick of the Alumni Bulletin. Mailed every two weeks from April, 1942 until April, 1946, the publication was sent directly to the service addresses of Lehigh men. A peak of 2400 copies was reached during the spring of 1945.

V-J Day in August, 1945 found Lehigh with the enrollment of an average elementary school but looking ahead to the time when it would again educate thousands for their place in a new peacetime world.

Lehigh now has its greatest enrollment of all time. Doing a noteworthy post-war job in the education of America's young men, Lehigh has survived the war years and a great future beckons.

A lady was seated with her little girl in a railway car when a frowsy looking fellow entered the compartment.

A few minutes before the train started the lady, perceiving that she would have to travel with an undesirable companion, thought of an excuse to rid herself of him. Leaning forward, she said, "I ought to tell you, my girl is just getting over an attack of scarlet fever, and perhaps—"

"Oh, don't worry about me, madam," interrupted the man. "I'm committing suicide at the first tunnel anyway."

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# A Return of Sorts

*Or The Chronic Comic*

*"Men may come and go with every season," but herewith are presented some of Lehigh's ivy-clad traditions.*

**1865**

Professor—Young man, how dare you swear before me?

Student—Howdduhell was I to know you wanted to swear first?

**1887**

Who you shoving?

I dunno—what's your name?

**1894**

Say, what do you think of the Brown and White?

It would be a good paper to read on the railroad if there was plenty of good scenery to look at.

**1907**

We were returning to our hotel after a strenuous big-game celebration. I pulled up to the portico and said to Frank: "I can only last about two more blocks. How about you?"

"I think I can hold out for four," he replied.

So I moved over and let him drive. How we did it, I can't say, but we arrived at the hotel O. K. We went up to our room and turned in. About two hours later I opened my eyes to find several uniformed attendants working over me.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Wake up!" one of them yelled. "The manager wants you to drive that damned car out of the lobby."

**1913**

Darling, you're all the world to me.

Well, that's no sign you're going to make any Cook's tour tonight.

**1919**

Say, what do you think of the Brown and White?

It would be a good paper to read on the train if there was plenty of good scenery to look at.

**1922**

What are you doing with that long cigarette holder?

I am trying to keep away from cigarettes.

**1929**

I had twelve bottles of whiskey in my home cellar and my wife made me empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink; so I pro-

ceeded to do as my wife desired and withdrew the cork from the first bottle, poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the good old booze down the bottle, except one glass which I devoured.

I pulled the cork from the third sink and poured the bottle down the glass when I drank some.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, then threw the sink down the rest.

I pulled the sink out of the next cork and poured the bottle down my neck.

I pulled the next bottle out of my throat and poured the cork down the sink, all but the sink which I drank.

I pulled the next cork from my throat, poured the sink down the bottle and drank the cork.

Well, I had them all emptied and I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles which were twenty-four; so I counted them again when they came around again, and I had seventy-four, and as the houses came around I counted them and finally I had all the houses and bottles counted and I proceeded to wash the bottles but I could not get the brush in the bottles, so I turned them inside out and washed and wiped them all, and went upstairs and told my other half all about what I did, and

if you think I'm drunk, why do you have this magazine upside down?

**1938**

Say, what do you think of the Brown and White?

It would be a good paper to read on the railroad if there was plenty of good scenery to look at.

**1940**

Those benign residents of the North side proudly refer to our super-viaduct as the Hill to Hell Bridge.

**1943**

He—I hope I see you well tonight.  
She—So do I. You couldn't at the

last dance.

**1945**

Oh, Tom, I like the system they have at Lamberton now.

Why, what is that?

Oh, instead of napkins, they have a nice clean wooly dog, and when you want to wipe off your hands, all you have to do is whistle for him.

**1946**

Say, what do you think of the Brown and White?

It would be a good paper to read on the train if there was plenty of good scenery to look at.

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